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CHIRPS

GEO. E. TRESCOTT

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CHIRPS:

A

COLLECTION

OF

ODD RHYMES

AT ODD TIMES.

BY

GEO. E. TRESCOTT.

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CHIRPS.

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PRELIMINARIES.

In this little book you'll find
Pieces of full many a kind;
Some, perhaps, may please you well,
Others you may think are trash;
Which may please, I can not tell;
Take it as a bowl of hash,
Eating all that's in the bowl,
Judge not part, but judge the whole.

This book is not compiled,
Nor is it mine alone;
To borrowing I'm prone,
I've borrowed much, I own,
Yet I'd have none beguiled,
Quotations I have shown:
And thoughts I've borrowed more or less,
But which they are, I'll not express;
For what is good is good the same,
No matter whence or how it came;
And what is ill is evil, yea,
Come from whatever source it may.

"There's nothing new," 't was said,
By one long, long of yore:
Whate'er we write, whate'er is read,
Has written been and read before;
But what is there we can not change
From time to time and rearrange,
And thoughts bring forth, perchance,
In such a diff'rent hue
That, at a casual glance,
They really look like new.

I know my heart
Was slow to start
To seek poetic glory;
But now I write
With all my might,
My head will soon be hoary.

"Behold!" dear readers, do not, mocking, say,
"A poetaster whiling time away!"
Nay, do not think it an improper thing
That bards, like birds, should chirp before they sing.

May reading this volume as pleasant be
To those who read, as the writing to me.

LIFE.

What is this life? A vapor, yea,
That lasts awhile, then fades away!

What is our mission here below?
And what, the object of our days?
To lay up treasures here? Oh no!
Our Maker we should serve and praise;
And, serving Him, obtain at last
Eternal life when this is passed.

Life is a short, yet sweet and glorious day
To those who rightly pass its hours away.

In life's fair morn arise we up,
At eve lie down, yield up the breath;
We drink awhile life's mongrel cup,
Then reap eternal life or death.

Although this life soon fades away,
Yet need it not be vain;
For whosoever liveth, may
A life eternal gain.

So spend this life that when 't is o'er,
Your friends, not you, your death deplore.

Life is not giv'n us to trifle away;
Time is most precious, make use of each day,

Use this life for all that's in it,
Never waste a single minute.

Do not spend this life in slumber,
Wake thou up thy days to number!
Life 's not all made up of dreams,
Here and there a great truth gleams.

Live this life with watchful care
Lest some pitfall thee ensnare;
Travel thou life's path as if
Bord'ring some stupendous cliff.

So live that when life's sun is set,
You'll have but little to regret.

Do not scorn a good deed well done, though
quite small,
For of such are great lives made up after all.

Be noble, dear brother,
Uprightness maintain,
Though not like some other
Men's praise you may gain;
'Tis better to merit
An honor'ble name
By far than inherit
The world's greatest fame.

Wouldst thou be useful, learn the charm
Of doing good by shunning harm.

So live that it may be said,
When you 're number'd with the dead,
None e'er left your door unfed.

Be thou willing, brave, strong, able,
Kind, true, courageous, and stable;
Earth has full too many dainty
Ones who 're timorous and fainty.

Behold! what crooked paths we make!
We err at ev'ry step we take!
Sin throws our natures out of course;
Temptations reign with magic force;
With here a wrong and there a blunder,
We travel through this world of wonder.

How sweet were living, could we but receive
The consolation that behind we leave
No wayward footsteps over which to grieve!

Child of sorrows! child of tears!
Weep not o'er departed years;
Tear-drops falling e'er so fast
Can't recall the vanished past.

What is past is past forever,
O'er its folly grieve no more;
Only carefully endeavor
Well to live the life before.

We live not in the past,
Nor ought we, grieving, cast
Our eyes back on it tearfully;
We in the present live,
So to it let us give
Our care, and plod on cheerfully.

Wouldst thou happy be, and of life make the best,
Take things as they come, leave to Heaven the rest.

Be thou wise, don't act the dunce,
Grasping all of life at once;
Living life as one vast whole
Would dismay the bravest soul.
'T is long stretches weary us;
Do not try to live life thus.
Live one day at once, no more,
Fretting not at what's before;
Live by days, and life will be
Short and sweet enough for thee.

Blest is that man whose pathway gleams
A fitting mean 'twixt all extremes.

The life that here we live, consists
Of hours of sorrow, hours of bliss;
Of deeds and thoughts, some good, some bad;
The good give joy, the bad make sad;
So may we learn the good to choose,
The evil ever to refuse.

We ought to strive with zealous care
Our souls for Heaven to prepare;
This life were vain if we should miss
The future world of fadeless bliss.

How vain! how vain! the things of earth!
Its wealth, its pleasures, little worth!
Its wealth but for a time can last,
Its pleasures swiftly hasten past;
This life is worth but little save
To gain a home beyond the grave.

I'd rather die as die the good and brave
Than live as live the coward and the knave.

Hoary age should be respected
Whether cheerful or dejected.

Childhood creeps,
Manhood leaps.

Our childhood's years appear to keep
A pace as slow as snails that creep;
But manhood's years as swiftly fly
As eagles soaring through the sky.

Time, how swift thou fliest!
Life, how short thou art!
Death, aloud thou criest,
"Soon thou must depart!"

RIGHT AND WRONG.

There's a star that's passing bright;
'T is the glitt'ring star of Right;
Be that star my guiding star,
Though I follow from afar.

Duty is a diamond gem,
Resting on a pearly stem.

Right is right, and there 's nothing wrong about it;
Wrong is wrong, and we all should strive to out it.

Fill the heart with holy seed,
Crowding out the noxious weed;
Well may evil be withstood
When the heart 's brimful of good.

We 're prone to err, and errors mar
Our lives with many a grievous scar.

It is hard to see the right way
As our eyes are forward cast;
But it shines a glowing bright way
In the shadows of the past.

"To err is human," true, but me!
What vast humanity have we!
And "to forgive divine," that blest
Divinity fill ev'ry breast!

'T is easy to get off the track,
It takes a struggle to get back.

Without temptation none will sin,
And few there are it can not win;
On earth there has, I guess, been none
Except our Lord, the Holy One.

Be thou noble, strong, and pure,
Learn temptation to endure;
Evil overcome each day,
Life becomes a glorious way.

Noble those who when they stumble,
Go ahead, stop not to grumble.

Blest is that day whose setting sun
Goes down on no bad action done.

Great is that man, and happy he,
Who does the right whate'er it be.

There is a sweeter joy than praise,
To saints their chief delight;
The inward consciousness their days
Are spent in living right.

A guiltless conscience is the inward light
That makes our pathway rapturous and bright.

Being dutiful
Ev'ry day
Makes life beautiful
All the way.

Though wisdom 's sought and highly prized,
And ignorance is sore despised,
When we all stand in vast array
Before the Judge, at that great Day,
We 'll know and fully realize
'T is better to be good than wise.

The path of duty tread,
No matter what 's ahead.

"Don't try to be happy," yes, that is my text;
You laugh, and you say, "Well! what's coming next?"
"Don't try to be happy," but try to be good,
And you 'll be as happy as any one should.

Blest is he who follows duty,
For, whatever may betide,
All his footsteps glow with beauty,
Pleasure loiters at his side.

The path of duty
Is full of pleasure,
And 's decked with beauty
In boundless measure.

If all mankind would e'er do right,
Earth would be flooded with delight.

'T is better to be good, though poor,
Than wicked with great wealth in store.

The light that does within the Christian shine
Is but reflections from our Lord divine.

The wicked man who hates his God,
Shall lower sink than 'neath the sod.

Whoever loves and serves the Lord,
Hereafter shall obtain reward.

No good and kind act e'er is lost,
Though far away on waves 't is tossed;
Like "bread upon the waters cast,"
For some good end it long shall last.

Do not cherish ill thoughts, but look on them with sorrow;
The ill thoughts of to-day may be ill deeds to-morrow.

Keep your mind from vile attractions,
Keep it fixed on holy things;
Holier thoughts to holier actions
Bear us up on angel wings.

He who, by upright living, gains a goodly name,
And then commits some scand'lous evil, is the same
As he who gains a fortune, toiling night and day,
And then upon some ill night gambles all away.

Go where duty calls you,
Pleasure lay aside,
And, whate'er befalls you,
Duty choose your guide.

Toil for the good with might and main,
Nor think incessant joy to gain;
For happiness is not the thing,
We can not always shout and sing.

Be careful how you go astray
In any wrong, forbidden way;
Whene'er one wanders off in sin,
With snares the more beset,
He finds it hard to get
Back in the way and walk therein.

Who starts out in the path of right
At first has but a glim'ring light;
But as he onward, onward goes
His light from dim to brilliant grows.

He who runs in a way that 's ill
Runs as a wagon down a hill,
Unchecked,
Unwrecked,
The farther down, the faster still.

Be wise, and evil habits shun,
A wrongful practice once begun
Is mighty hard to be undone.

An evil habit 's wondrous strong,
An evil habit haunts us long.

Resist an evil at the start,
And never let it taint the heart.

"Resist the devil, and he 'll flee;"
Resist him not, he 'll capture thee.

"Draw nigh to God, and He
Will draw nigh unto thee."

The conscience seared from time to time
Soon loses all remorse for crime.

"He that, being oft reproved,"
Still is harden'd and unmoved,
Shall be cut down suddenly,
"And that without remedy."

Awake! ye harden'd sinners, wake!
The flames of hell around you break!
But ah! 't is said one sleeps most sound
When raging flames are gath'ring round.

None e'er becomes so steeped in sin
But what somewhere, somewhere within,
Though buried deep, and long withstood,
There still remains some germ of good.

To own our faults is far the best,
Who seek to hide them never rest.

All men are, this world around,
By religious duties bound;
Man may disregard and scoff,
But he can not shake them off.

Man may cover up his crime
And his folly for a time;
But time will reveal
What man may conceal.

As one does over thorns and thistles stride,
So tread life's path who seek their faults to hide.

Man may go on in sin and crime,
And be unpunished for a time;
But ah! impartial justice, yea,
Will overtake him, sure, some day.

JOY AND SORROW.

Joy is a most delicious fruit,
Whose flavor any one will suit.

Oh! where is joy? Where is it found?
In hearts that leap with anxious bound?
I say it, and will not relent,
That joy is found where there 's content.

Woe to him who seeketh pleasure!
Much-sought, yet a myth-like prize;
Never can he gain his treasure,
But her shadow as she flies.

The rain and storms come unaware,
Unheeded comes the sunshine bright;
So come our sorrows and our care,
So come our pleasures and delight.

Our saddest hours the longest last,
Our happiest hours are soonest passed.

Mortal man, do not presume
To be wholly free from gloom;
For to ev'ry one must some
Dreary hours of sadness come.

Life has its precious sweet,
Its woeful bitter too;
And ev'ry one must meet
Them mingled life all through.

Our joys and woes, how intermixed!
There scarcely comes a space betwixt,
Soon as we breathe the breath of joy
Up comes some sorrow to annoy.

We 're first upon the mountain-top,
And then down in the vale;
To-day the gentle breezes stop,
To-morrow comes a gale;
Such is this changeful life below,
So checkered o'er with joy and woe.

At times bubbles up
Full of joy our cup,
Again it o'erflows
With bitterest woes.

At times are we enwrapped in gloom
As deep as darkness of the tomb,
And all our joys and blessings seem
Like shadows of a vanished dream.

Sometimes our hearts with joy o'erflow,
And we 're so free from grief and care
We hardly realize that there
Is any such a thing as woe.

'T is a mighty ill day that has no pleasure in it,
'T is a mighty glad day that has joy ev'ry minute.

There is a joy in sorrow,
There is a grief in joy,
The thought that such to-morrow
May not our hearts employ.

Our happy hours as quickly pass
As rabbits hopping through the grass;
Our mournful hours as slowly go
As turtles waddling through the snow.

A little joy, a little woe,
We meet each day as on we go.

When turns the long, sad, dreary lane,
And sunshine bright comes after rain,
What rapturous pleasures fill the heart
As we behold our woes depart!

'Tis easy to be gay
In the bright and happy day,
But who will not be grum
When the days of sorrow come!

'T is a mighty strong tree that no tempest can shake,
'T is a mighty hard rock that no hammer can break,
'T is a mighty brave heart that no grief can make quake.

"Whene'er sorrow 's asleep,"
It is said, "don't awake it;"
Good advice we should keep,
Yet how seldom we take it!

Thou art silly! sure, O man!
If thou thinkest any can
Suffer grief and ne'er seem saddened,
Live in mirth and ne'er seem gladdened;
Joy and sorrow leave their trace
In the heart and on the face.

There 's nothing seems so grievous, nay,
As that which troubles us to-day.

This world has grief enough to break
The hearts of those most strong,
If needlessly they wake it;
And it has joy enough to make
Us happy all along,
If we will only take it.

Who looks for sorrow finds it everywhere;
Who looks for pleasure finds a liberal share.

If thou hast of evil tasted,
Well may'st thou thy sin deplore;
If thy yesterday was wasted,
Grieve not, do the like no more.

"Do to-day's duty" with delight;
Bear to-day's burden, that is right;
Do not borrow
Care and sorrow
From the morrow;
No, that would be wrong,
Keep things where they b'long;
To-day has troubles enough for thee,
To-morrow's troubles may never be.

To him who views this world aright
It wears a glow of beaming light;
To him who views with tear-dimmed sight
It seems enwrapped in gloom and night.

Danger oft encounter'd fails to give alarm;
Pleasure o'erindulged in loses far its charm.

'Tis wondrous true, though wondrous strange,
Our hearts delight in oft a change;
The constant joy, the constant smile,
Will lose their sweetness after while.

They 're blest who peaceful tenor keep,
Come pleasures great or sorrows deep.

From pleasures refrain
That give others pain.

Oh! when there is a joy to share,
Who would not be a sharer!
But when there is a grief to bear,
Who! who would be the bearer!

Our pleasures are like flow'rs unblown
When we enjoy them all alone.

Words of cheer are full of charm,
Words of gloom are full of harm.

Be merry to-day,
If happ'ly you may;
Who knows but to-morrow
May be full of sorrow?

Be thou jolly and jocose,
Be not mournful and morose.

A cheerful spirit, like the sun,
Sheds light around on ev'ry one.

Let who will the mirthful hate,
Let them love the grave, sedate;
Yet will I maintain what they
Can't successfully gainsay:
To be merry is not folly,
One had better be too jolly
Than too grave and melancholy.

Be merry in thy youthful day,
For youth should happy be;
Its hours unheeded glide away,
Enjoy them ere they flee;
Maturer years
May grief and tears
Bring full enough for thee.

TRIALS AND AFFLICTIONS.

We mortals, in our best estate,
Have sorrows oft, afflictions great;
But trials we so much despise,
Are often blessings in disguise;
Each cross and trial that is sent
From Heav'n, on some good errand 's bent.

We need not think on earth to be
From troubles, cares, and crosses, free;
For live we mortals best we may,
This life 's a struggle all the way.

Oh! marvel not when trials come,
For toil and grief we all have some:
'T is vain to think our path through earth
Should glow with never-ceasing mirth;
The year is not all joyful May,
This life 's not all one holiday.

Cares and afflictions all have some,
So let's not weary when they come,
But learn with patience to endure
The many ills we can not cure.

Fret not when thou art called to go
Through dark and stormy vales of woe;
Affliction, though it pain thee sore,
May prove a blessing ere 't is o'er.

Fret not when grievous woes annoy,
"Who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

We meet with many trials here,
Dark hours of gloom and grief;
But who trusts God need never fear
But what he 'll find relief.

The Christian sometimes fails to keep
His pace, and falls so fast asleep
The Lord an angel sends with goad
And scourge to haste him on his road.

Dear Christian! why murmur that dark is the road
That leads to the fair and celestial abode?
I know thou hast many a trial to bear,
And many a sorrow, temptation, and care;
Yet never you mind, my friend! my friend!
You'll find it will all be well in the end.

No trials should the Christian fright,
They can not harm him while he 's right;
When Daniel cruelly was cast
Into the lion's den, at last
He came out just as sound as when
He first was cast into the den.

When God foresees His saints must go
Through painful trials here below,
He gives them grace and strength the more,
That they may stand, and not give o'er.

Who travels to the blest abode
May look for trials 'long the road;
No saint of God has e'er passed through
The pearly gates of Heaven, who
Had passed not first through trials here
In this probationary sphere.

Take courage, dear Christian, be firm in the Lord,
For God will protect thee and give thee reward:
Though drear be thy voy'ge, and thou fiercely be tossed,
While trusting in Jesus, thou canst not be lost.

Beyond life's stormy seas of woe,
There is a happy shore,
Where tears of sorrow never flow,
And trials are no more.

FAME AND DISHONOR.

Alas for him who lives for fame!
Succeed, he can but gain a name,
And fail, how pungent is his shame!

Believe 't or not, 't is hard to tame
The heart that longs for wealth or fame.

Whence is the greatness truly great?
Comes it from beauty, wealth, or state?
No real greatness we possess
Save that derived from righteousness.

Why need we seek a glowing name?
For what significance has fame?
It matters not, come scorn or praise,
So we but rightly spend our days.

It is a sight the heart to pain
To see a man of honor wane
And come to nothingness again.

Although high honor should be given
To those who have to vict'ry striven,
Yet honor is as due to those
Who bravely meet their conq'ring foes.

Who bravely struggles on the field
Deserves our praise, subdue or yield;
'T is not the vict'ry merits praise,
But noble courage one displays.

Say not that life is vain,
That fails renown to gain;
The fairest flow'rs oft bloom and die
Unnoticed by the human eye.

Who lives a noble name to gain,
May live for years and not obtain;
Who lives to gain the world's proud scorn
May gain it ere the morrow's morn.

Whenever things work out for good,
The praise we're sure to claim;
But when they turn out wrong, we would
Have others bear the blame.

High-sounding praise is due to those who
fight
With dauntless courage for the just and
right;
However, praise does equally belong
To those who meekly yield when they are
wrong.

Be careful of your reputation,
Whate'er in life may be your station;
Who sport with reputation lose
It ere they think, and ere they choose.

A reputation 's hard to get,
But keeping it is harder yet.

One never gets too high to rise or fall,
Nor gets too low to sink or rise at all.

That man disdain
As vile and vain,
Who seeks his fame
By others' shame.

How sweet the lot of those who live
To reap the bliss that praise can give!
But sad the fate of those who 're born
To bear the crushing weight of scorn!

Sweet and comely as the morn,
Praise is better far than scorn.

Though words of scorn
Make us forlorn,
And leave us sorely blighted,
Yet words of praise
Will often raise
A soul that is benighted.

Undue self-praise, self-scorn proclaim
Alike a person merits shame.

Great men, like flow'rs, soon live their day,
Bud, blossom, wane, and fade away.

SUCCESS.

The pathway to success lies up
A steep, high, rugged hill;
And who would sup
Its valued cup
Must toil with might and skill.

Untiring diligence will oft avail,
Where strength and knowledge both united fail.

Success depends
Not on our friends,
But on ourselves alone;
One never need
Hope to succeed
By efforts not his own.

Whene'er we succeed
By aid of our brothers,
The vict'ry 's, indeed,
Not ours, but another's.

Heaven smiles upon and blesses
Him who enterprise possesses.

How is it one will mount up high'r
And high'r, uprising more and more;
While, near beside him in the mire,
His neighbor sinks down low'r and low'r?
Economy and patient labor
Oft raise one up above his neighbor;
And Providence is free to lend
His aid the frugal to befriend.

Don't work in a flurry
If thou wouldst excel;
What 's done in a hurry
Is seldom done well.

Who little does, and does it well,
Is one whose work will surely tell.

Who moves with slow, but constant tread,
Will likely end the race ahead;
Who runs awhile then stops to play,
Will be the longest on the way.

The small beginnings don't despise,
From little starts great ends arise.

Vict'ry is a fount of joy,
But defeat the heart doth cloy.

Although not all success may see,
Yet ev'ry one may faithful be.

Set high your mark, pull for the top,
No matter where you chance to drop;
One better strive to rise, and fall,
Than not attempt to rise at all.

"If at great things thou wouldst arrive,"
Set high your mark, and for it strive.

Try to gain success, boys!
We should seek success;
Try to make your mark, boys!
Aim at nothing less!
If your task be hard, boys,
Use your ev'ry wit;

Labor, toil, and strive, boys,
Don't give up and quit!
Never dare to quit, boys,
Till the strife is o'er!
That 's the time to quit, boys,
Do not quit before!

ECONOMY.

Without economy
None ever can grow rich,
And with it few would be
In poverty's deep ditch.

If you would prosper, try the plan
Of saving all you wisely can;
An inch each step soon makes a mile,
You 'll find by counting them awhile.

Prefer the dollar every time,
When there 's no dollar, take the dime;
Whene'er there is no dime to tickle,
Stoop humbly and pick up the nickel;
And where no nickel is, the copper
To freely take, is not improper.

Save the whole hog, head, feet, giblets,
Much is gained by saving dribblets.

Wouldst thou have plenty for each day,
Nor come to want in hoary age,
Economize, while not away
Your time through life at any stage;
The birds, which idly flit from tree to tree,
Don't garner riches like the busy bee.

While Industry goes far and near
And brings home treasures rich and dear,
Economy with frugal care
Contrives the plans to keep them there.

In ev'rything count well the cost,
That nothing wasted be or lost.

EMPLOYMENT.

Employment is the antidote to woe,
But floods of sorrow idleness o'erflow.

Life, if enjoyed,
Must be employed.

Oh! pity the ag'd who 're unable to toil!
They 're blest who depart ere enwrapped in
that coil.

To labor is meet,
Employment is sweet.

The man who lives with no pursuit
Stands little higher than the brute.

Life without labor is worthless and vain,
Therefore in idleness never remain.

Seek not rest! seek not slumber!
More they 're sought, more they cumber.

Who well their leisure hours employ,
A glorious reward enjoy.

An hour that 's spent in needed rest
Is often spent the very best.

Willing hands find work to do,
E'er this busy life all through,
Only idle
Those who sidle
From the tasks they should pursue.

Don't stand around idle and cry for a place,
And say they 're all crowded, such is not the case;
Climb upward! climb upward! and never dare stop;
You 'll find there is plenty of room at the top.

Whate'er you do, use all your might,
Nor dare your humblest calling slight.

Be not idle, use your skill,
Strength, and knowledge, climb life's hill!
Upward! ever upward climb!
Still improving all the time.

Work with dispatch, but not with haste;
Dispatch gains much, but "haste makes waste."

Be not content with doing well,
But struggle bravely to excel;
Nor think it time to sport or rest
Till you are sure you 've done your best.

'T is vain to idly sit adown
And think kind Chance will bring the crown;
We can not gain the victor's spoil
And crown without we strive and toil.

It taketh toil
To till the soil,
My friend, and don't you doubt it;
But it is vain
To think to gain
The precious crop without it.

Don't ask the Lord to render you
His aid till you 've done all you can;
For God will never help a man
Perform what he himself can do;
But when man's strength has reached its end
The needed aid the Lord will lend.

"God helps the man who helps himself,"
Who does not that 's a trifling elf.

Account him trifling who does run
Around and boast what he has done;
The man who really does the most
Is apt to be the last to boast.

Though little I do, may this be my spell,
Whatever I 've done, I have done it well.

Laz'ness moves with such slow speed
Soon his children come to need.

The sluggard's little toil is vain,
Too lazy he to hold its gain.

The lazy think time is a thing to be wasted,
And labor and care should but scarcely be tasted.

The weak by constant use ere long
Will strengthen and be far more strong.

The strong who never use their strength
Will lose their mighty pow'r at length.

RICHES.

How vain the wealth this world can give!
It yields least pleasure while we live;
It burdens us with many a care,
It leads us into many a snare;
And when we 're called to pass away,
It lends us not one heav'nly ray;
Not all the wealth of earth can buy
A passport to the world on high.

Think not life is spent in vain,
When we riches fail to gain;
Life is measured not by wealth,
Gold and silver are but stealth.

Do not scorn the honest poor
Who but little have in store;
Riches fly, and wealth bewitches,
Character is more than riches.

Wealth brings us many ardent friends,
But when 't is gone their friendship ends.

Riches are a source of good
When we use them as we should;
Heav'nly boon, when used as such;
Gain them rightly, use them well;
Do not love them overmuch
Lest they drag thee down to hell.

That wealth disdain
As ill-got gain,
That 's got by others' loss or pain.

Of all the bad ruts into which one may fall,
The haste to get rich is the worst of them all.

O wealth! O wealth! thou weighty art!
The light of purse are light of heart.

We seldom find a man so rich
He would not be the richer;
Wealth does us wondrously bewitch,
For 't is a great bewitcher.

The poor man's rest and slumber 's sweet,
Yea, let him much or little eat.

We need not measure with the rule
To prove the miser is a fool;
Yet do not think that I would claim
A fool and idiot the same.

Alas for him who lives to gain
Earth's fleeting riches, full too vain!
He spends this life in care and toil,
But scarce enjoys his cherished spoil;
And when his race of life is run,
He cries, "How foolishly I' ve done!"

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the grandest book
On which the human eye can look.

The Bible is the fountain-source
From which good books derive their course.

From first to last the Scriptures teem
With many a wise and noble theme.

Holy Bible! precious treasure!
Where the merchant gets his measure,
Where the farmer learns to sow,
Where the mourner soothes his woe,
Where the weary find a rest,
Where the poorest have a guest,
Where the poet gets his song,
Where the sinner 's shown his wrong,
Where the Christian finds delight,
Where we all may learn the right,

Where we find our true example,
Which some heed, yet many trample;
Though by multitudes denied,
I have chosen thee my guide.

Of all the books by man possessed,
The Bible is by far the best;
The only book in all creation
To mortals giv'n by inspiration;
And hence the only one that can,
With any fitness, tell how man
Originated, and how he
  Should fill his earthly mission;
And what when it is o'er shall be,
  Thereafter, his condition.

Holy Bible, precious store!
Full of wise and useful lore!
Love I thee, and thee adore,
Oh, to love and learn thee more!

The Bible and experience give
The grandest lessons how to live.

LITERARY.

Whene'er you take your pen to write,
Let "Brevity"
Your motto be,
And keep it ever in your sight;
Who 'd read a volume through to gain
What one small page could well contain?

A little written, often read,
Will far more bless the author's head
Than that one write a vast amount,
And no one take of it account.

Who 'd have their writings short and terse
Should heed with constant care this verse,
Put needed words in proper place,
And ev'ry useless word efface.

In writing make free use of wit,
But don't depend alone on it.

Wouldst thou, 'mong authors great and wise,
An honored place obtain,
Revise, correct, and re-revise,
And then correct again;
Where error finds a resting-place,
'T is apt to germinate disgrace.

If thou wishest to be read,
Do not o'er broad pages spread
Sentences with little meaning,
Expletives dull intervening;
Crowd thou into ev'ry line
Thoughts that glow, and words that shine.

Precision speaks the truth and nothing more,
Nor says that wasps on eagle's pinions soar.

By figure 's meant that which is hit
By using what resembles it.

As appetite makes better far the cook,
So love of reading much improves the book.

Noble authors void of wit
Human hearts but poorly hit.

If among your thoughts should flow
One you would not all should know,
Do not cut
So silly a caper
As to put
That thought on paper.

A few good books, selected well,
A large, full library excel.

POETS AND POETRY.

The art of verse can not be taught,
To true-born bards it comes ere sought;
They need not for a song be tasked,
The rhyme and meter come unasked.

Say what you will about his brain,
The poet's intellect is such
It hobbles round on cane and crutch,—
Its crutch is meter, rhyme its cane.

Scorn not a poet, he is born
To fill that mission so forlorn.

I care not which may write the faster,
The poet or the poetaster;
I can not think it were amiss
To follow that instead of this.

Although the poet ought to toil
For lovely rhymes and meters terse,
He should not sense or language spoil
To save the beauty of his verse.

The poet freely should dispense
Great deal of wit, great deal of sense,
Nor carry in a lofty strain
The roaring of an empty brain.

Sometimes my thoughts appear to flow
Along in rhymes that fairly glow;
Again as oft there comes a time
I can not make one single rhyme.

Delight in songs, for they should bring
Us pleasures sweetest, gladdest;
So be not saddest when you sing,
But sing when you are saddest.

O ye poets! sometimes write
Something jolly, something bright!
Something with a lively jingle
That will make the dull ears tingle!
Be not always on the verge
Of some grave and mournful dirge.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment 's a luxurious feast,
That few partake of save the least.

Contentment makes time smoothly pass
As snake a-stealing through the grass.

With all thy knowledge, strength, and skill,
Thy heart with resignation fill;
The discontented never will
Be satisfied, come good or ill.

The discontented, sure,
Have quite a sore disease
No medicine can cure,
Uncured, naught can them please.

Who murmurs at each trifling ill,
If all went well would murmur still.

Though fretting may give others grief,
It never gives one's self relief.

Fretting is somewhat contagious;
Needless, mean, almost outrageous.

The discontented, like the deep,
A wild and constant grumbling keep.

What most we need we least can find,
'T is what will satisfy the mind:
"Awry"! the preacher cries,
"Thou art!
Religion satisfies
The heart":
Quite well! but, brother, would you claim
The heart and mind to be the same?

Who have a meek, contented heart,
Like Mary, have the "better part;"
And God will not forbid them, nay,
Nor take that "better part" away.

With most of our race
We find it the case
  They flutter
  And mutter
Whate'er they do;
  In discontent
  Their lives are spent,
  E'er tumbling
  And grumbling
The whole way through.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination, "thief of time",
Beguiles away our youth and prime:
Shun! oh shun it! lest the ages
Find thee blank on hist'ry's pages.

Who deferreth till to-morrow
  Work that should be done to-day,
His neglect shall mourn with sorrow
  Further on along his way.

Who fools the pleasant summer-time away
Will come to want some stormy winter day.

An opportunity will light
But once at any door;
If slighted then, it takes its flight
To visit there no more.

Let not a debt run many a day;
Back taxes are the worst to pay.

JUDGING.

Judge not, lest judged again you be;
'T is measured us as measure we.

Beware how others thou condemn'st, lest haply thou
Condemn in others what thou dost in self allow.

I might dare judge 'twixt me and thee,
But God be judge when there are three.

In the wicked I 've found virtue,
In the righteous I 've found sin;
If I had this world to judge o'er,
Where! oh where should I begin?

Whoever is too blind
To see his own mistakes,
Will likely be unkind
To those another makes.

Laugh not your fellow man to shame,
Lest others do to you the same.

Don't judge another too severe
Till all his secret thoughts appear:
We each our own temptations, woe,
Joy, care, and disappointments, know;
Yet none can tell what unexpressed,
May lurk within another's breast.

What we have done, we know full well,
What yet we'll do, we can not tell.

We can not tell how weak we are
Till tried what tempting we will bear.

We sometimes think as Peter thought,
We never can be shaken,
And like him presently are brought
To see we were mistaken.

We may say what we'll do in our own situation,
But can 't say what we 'd do in some other one's station.

Ere you give or take advice,
Think the matter over thrice.

FRIENDSHIP.

What is friendship? To my mind,
Kindness, faith, and love, combin'd.

True friendship is a virtue
That every one should know;
It comes not from riches,
But the affection we bestow.*

Associate longer
With a friend,
Attachment grows stronger
To the end.

*This verse, written May 8, 1885, is the first one I ever wrote. T.

O friendship! of all things thou art most
rare!
And why? because most excellent and fair.

Sweetly ties of friendship tether
Human hearts in love together.

Wouldst thou have others friends to thee,
A friend to others thou must be.

Dare not be aught but true and just
To those who in your honor trust.

Let trusted friends be true and tried,
Nor in a stranger dare confide.

He who with ev'ry friend is frank
May well be termed a silly crank.

When a day has ended,
Count that day not lost,
If thou hast befriended
Some one tempest-tossed.

Who is my neighbor? why! my neighbor 's
he
Who helps me when in need I chance to be.

He who mistreats another,—shameless elf!
Disgraces not the other, but himself.

If some one thou hast offended,
Win him back with diligence;
Let the breach at once be mended,
Strive to give no more offense.

Although he treat me e'er so ill,
My brother is my brother still;—
I should respect him, and I will.

Those who never shed a tear,
Never know a friend that 's dear.

Thou who thinkest thou art friendless,
Look to Jesus Christ above;
There is friendship, true and endless,
There is kind, unchanging love.

KINDNESS.

The kinduess here and there we meet
Along our pathway makes life sweet.

Be ever kind in truest sense,
And careful not to give offense;
A dozen kind acts can 't atone
For one unfriendly act alone.

'T is better to be thought a dunce
Than to offend another once.

If thou wishest to be met
With kind, loving words, then let
No unkindly spoken word
Ever from thy lips be heard:
As our language is, in main,
Others speak to us again;
E'en the hills resound a tone
Mild or angry as our own.

Words of kindness fitly spoken,
Fill the air with fragrance sweet,
Like the precious ointment broken
On our Master's holy feet:
They cheer and brighten up the heart,
And care and sorrow bid depart.

Be kind to the living, or when they 've departed,
You 'll mourn your unkindness that made them sad-hearted.

Sympathy 's a tender feeling
From one to another stealing.

Be kind to loved ones while they live,
And oft a word of cheer
And sympathy them fondly give
In hours of sorrow here;
Nor all your love and kindness save
To vainly lavish on their grave.

Thy own misfortune bravely bear,
And in thy neighbor's gladly share.

Don't think the time is wasted,
Though lost it may appear,
When kindly thou hast hasted
Some sadden'd heart to cheer.

Alas for us mortals! how great is our blindness!
What 's done in pure love, oft we deem an unkindness!

What really is meant for good,
For evil 's oft misunderstood.

Our kindness half is thrown aside
And lost by being misapplied.

"Forget and forgive,"
And "live and let live."

GIVING.

Though many stress
The blessedness
Of just and righteous living,
Few realize
Or duly prize
The blessedness of giving;
But can we live aright until
We gain the cheerful giver's will?

Though little or much,
What thou givest, give cheerfully;
The Lord loveth such
As give freely, not tearfully.

This truth the miser can't, or won't believe:
"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Who gives to the poor makes a loan to the Lord,
And magnified greatly shall be his reward.

Life without giving
Is not worth living.

Who gives the poor man bread does well,
Who gives him wages does excel.

For favors be grateful,
Not haughty and hateful.

'T is pleasanter to feed
A grateful dog its food
Than to supply a mortal's need
Who 's void of gratitude.

Who heeds the needy's cry alway
Becomes as needy too as they.

LOVE.

What is it all have, or should seek,
To which such traits belong
That it is strongest when most meek,
And meekest when most strong?
What is it? why! 't is love, indeed,
The very thing we all so need.

What is love? 'T is that we feel
Tongue nor pen can half reveal.

Love is a sweet and mystic spell
That deep within the heart doth dwell.

Love is, learn it all he can,
Still a mystery to man.

Love is, when rightly understood,
The active principle of good.

Love is the golden charm of life,
That soothes our sorrows, quells our strife.

Love makes the brilliant brighter grow,
And gives the dull a graceful glow.

Throughout the ages Love has stood
The valiant leader of the good.

Gold and silver haste away;
Love is faithful, and will stay.

Tell me, True Love! whence thou art,
Sweet embalmer of the heart?
Tell me frankly, for above
All things else I prize thee, Love.
Art thou born of wealth and splendor
Or the beauties that they render?
"Never! never! such can 't gender
Aught one-half so sweet, so tender!
I am born of inward beauty,
Shining through the doorway Duty."

Love is gentle, meek, and lowly;
Noble, upright, pure, and holy.

Love is, when perfect and sincere,
Devoid of doubt and jealous fear.

Oh, seek a heart chock-full of love,
Nor stop until you win it;
Then, meek and gentle as a dove,
You 'll have no malice in it.

Faith is love's foundation sure,
Love without 't is vain, impure,
Love without it can 't endure.

Our hearts are framed to love, and they
Will something love, whatever may
It be; like trav'lers at the close
Of day, somewhere they must repose.

Oh! how sweet is love's communion!
Souls united heart to heart;
But to each such blissful union
There must come a time to part.

Would you be loved, then learn the art
Of being kind with cheerful heart.

Who would be loved, must lovely be,
Unlovely people love not we.

Not long the flames of love can burn
With ardent heat with no return;
The human heart beats love amain
To hearts that echo love again.

Grapes don't grow on the poison-vine,
Neither love grow out of scorning;
So let your lives with luster shine
Like the bright, glad rays of morning.

Love your friends, and love them truly;
Love yourself, but not unduly.

Who loves aright the Lord above
Will as himself his neighbor love.

True Christian love casts out all fear,
And brings salvation full and clear.

Though our belov'd do e'er so wrong,
Love can forgive, for love is strong.

To set the little wrongs of life aright
And to forgive 's the loving heart's delight.

Oh! what is there love, for the loved, will
not do,
When attachment is strong, and affection is
true!

We weary of "the same old song,"
Of all that holds the same too long;
But love, of love, can never tire,
For love mounts upward high'r and high'r.

Oh! who has seen two hearts so near
They could not be the nearer?
Or who has loved a friend so dear
He could not love one dearer?

No! no! the heart can't grow too fond
To better love,—can't leap beyond
Its limit, for Love has no bound;
Her limit never can be found.
On gifted wings she lightly soars
Above the heights, and still explores
Fair regions new,
While, with delight,
The angels view
Her tow'ring flight.

HOPE.

Hope is the light within the soul,
That cheers it onward to its goal.

Sweet are the rays of hope, but, yea,
As fleeting oft as sweet are they;
Hope's brightest stars, how often fly
Away and leave a darken'd sky!

Rough is our road, dark is our night,
When hope withholds her cheering light.

Where hope goes, disappointment also steals;
Who never hopes, no disappointment feels.

Hope long deferred, sore pains the heart,
But when it comes, farewell the smart!

Who do not hope, it must be said,
To life's fair promises are dead.

Yield not, O Christian! to despair,
When hopes fall thick round ev'rywhere;
Each struggling hope that sinks adown
Shall rise a jewel in thy crown.

COURTSHIP.

Courtship is a queer, haphazard game,
Silly lovers, players in the same.

Talking to a lady when she's mad and won't talk 's
Like working a horse that is balky, when he balks.

Think it not an evil omen,
When man seeks himself a wife;
God intended that the woman
Should companion man through life.

Accurs'd is he who all his life
Goes plodding on, nor seeks a wife.

Love's mysteries! how they revolve!
Too wondrously for man to solve
Their hidden depths, or e'er discover
The future path of any lover!
Where love we'll find, or where bestow
Our own to-morrow, none can know;
And oft is griev'd a lover's breast
By loss of love he once possessed.

Love is blind and folly-led,
Do not scorn her crooked tread.

When the heart is bowed with woe,
Isn't the time for sporting;
When a maid's just lost her beau,
Isn't the time for courting;
Hard it is to win her heart
While she feels love's keenest smart;
But whene'er her grief is o'er,
You may woo her as before.

Accurs'd art thou, whoe'er thou art,
Who triflest with a lover's heart.

In love be faithful, kind, and zealous,
Be not importunate and jealous.

When one has loved, and loved in vain,
'T is heedless folly to maintain
He will not, should not love again.

O youth! of thy "best girl" bereft,
Cheer up! Don't cry, "I'm left! I'm left!"
For ev'ry gander left behind
A solitary goose we find.

In courtship speak with truth supreme,
For marriage is no idle dream;
And wedded life will bring to light
Each falsehood veiled in dark of night.

True love, with strong, impelling force,
Should guide the suitor in his course.

When 's the time to marry, say?
In our youthful, blooming day?
In our years of strength and prime?
Or at yet a later time,
When the care-worn head is hoar,
And the face is wrinkled o'er?
Ah! the time to marry 's when
Hearts love truly, then! oh then!

MARRIAGE.

Whence is marriage? From above,
Cradled in the arms of Love.

Matrimony God design'd
For a boon to humankind;
But by far too oft the boon
Lasts but through the honeymoon.

When two lovers' hearts are one,
Why forbid their union?
Why should real lovers shun
Wedlock's blest communion?
For in Wedlock's kindly arms
Lie enwrapped life's sweetest charms.

Praise as you will
The joys which fill
The bach'lor's cup of life,
That man is blest
Above the rest
Who has a faithful wife.

Who finds a good wife finds a precious thing,
That will him many joys and blessings bring.

The married life has many a care
And many a trial hard to bear;
Yet blest are those who have a mate
To share their lot whate'er their fate.

How sweet it is when man and wife,
Full partners in the voy'ge of life,
Their pleasures mutually share,
Feel as their own each other's care.

While musing one night,
As a vision of light
From the regions above
Came this little love story,
Two hearts full of love
Make a match full of glory.

To make a match there must be three,
The third will come when beckon'd;
But lucky or thrice luckless he
Or she who gets the second.

The married life 's a happy life
To him who gets a faithful wife.

A good wife is the husband's joy,
A poor one will him sore annoy.

Woe to him who marries ill,—
Marries and is wifeless still!
How 's it with a woman? Oh!
Just the same regarding woe.

Sad is the lot, and curst the life,
Of him who weds a scolding wife.

Far better had one live alone
Than have a quar'lsome wife his own.

As treads the rabbit to the snare,
Light-hearted, gay, and unaware
What dreadful doom awaits it there,
So weds she who a cruel lover
Weds, full of glee, not knowing, above her,
What awful destiny does hover.

Never love, never marry;
When in doubt, better tarry.

Wrongly wed,
Better dead.

I 'd rather single be
Until this life is o'er
Than wed a wife, and she
Or I the match deplore.

Who marries and a wife obtains,
That 's thoughful, kind, and true,
Throughout this life of toils and pains,
His marriage shall not rue.

O'erwhelmed in woe or sorrow-free,
How blest that union need must be
Where wife and husband e'er agree.

Good husbands make good wives,
Good wives good husbands make:
Their character by far our lives,
From our associates take.

The man who lives without a wife
Is like a poor, one-bladed knife.

Though Paul, it seems, would have men
"bach,"
It surely is not wrong to match:
The Bible certainly allows
That ev'ry one may have a spouse.

'T is wise and right enough to wed,
But yet, methinks, it may be said,
Our wisdom oft is better shown
By leaving marrying alone.

Who marry for the sake of love
Bring richest blessings from above:
Who marry for a well-filled purse
Bring down upon themselves a curse.

When youth to sober age returns,
And sport again the heart concerns,
Be mindful, something 's happened there,
Or will ere long, take heed! beware!

Some marry young, some marry old,
And some there are who tarry
Until the heart has grown so cold
They 'll never, never marry.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is a jewel rare,
Better far than rubies are.

Wisdom is the guideboard hoary
Pointing us to bliss and glory.

Oh! whence is the wisdom that 's wisdom indeed?
From Heaven it comes, and to Heaven doth lead.

Take thou Wisdom for thy guide,
From her never turn aside.
She will lead thee not astray;
She will keep thee in the way,
And whene'er thy head is hoary,
Crown thee with a crown of glory.

Wide open standeth Wisdom's door
To all who seek her precious store.

Oh! seek ye Wisdom to possess,
Nor dare her counsel cease;
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

The wise rejoice to do the right,
But fools in wickedness delight.

The wise man sees the evil day
Before it comes, and flees away;
The fool heeds not the warning sent,
But rushes into punishment.

'T is vain to think long years at college
Will make a fool grow wise through knowledge;
The more you send a dunce to school,
The more you make of him a fool.

He may not be the one most wise,
Yet not a fool is he
Who, though he often errs, has eyes
His own mistakes to see.

ALBUM VERSES.

May truth and virtue blend
To make your life a treasure;
And happiness extend
To you the cup of pleasure.

I ask not that you from all sorrow be free,
For that, I am sure, in this life can not be;
But may you have never a tear or a sigh
That leads not to Heaven beyond the blue sky.

If gloomy hours of deep dismay
Should ever chance to cloud thy way,
May some sweet consolation share
Thy ev'ry grief, thy ev'ry care.

May you have many a friend
Your path through life to bless,
To comfort and to cheer you
Whenever in distress.

When youthful days from you have fled,
The loved one of your heart you wed,
May you two be but one in heart,
And naught but death the union part.

Should you desire to know my mind,
Such information you will find
In plain and truthful words expressed,
"You are the one I love the best."

I love you true; I've loved you long;
My love for you is now so strong
I see no need to thus abide,
If you will only be my bride.

Where'er thy path through life may lead,
May it supply thy ev'ry need;
And may it guide thee ne'er amiss,
But to a better world than this,—
The world of never-ending bliss.

May your happy days be many,
Your days of sorrow few;
May you 've many friends to love you,
And each be kind and true.

When no flowers
Your path adorning,
May you not despair, my friend;
Darkest hours,
Without a warning,
Oft in brilliant sunshine end.

May peace and friendship bless thy way
With many a bright, sunshiny day,
And clouds, if ever they dim thy sky,
Make hasty speed to pass thee by.

May thy morrow
Bring not sorrow,
But a future bright be thine;
Sweetest treasures,
Truest pleasures,
Thy declining years entwine.

When the evening's lengthy shadows
End their journey from the west,
May the gath'ring night-shades never
Cause thy soul to be distressed;
But may angels bear thy spirit
To the fair land of the blest.

When time with thee shall be no more,
May angels meet around thy door,
And bear thee to a brighter clime,
That 's far from sad and changeful time.

May he for whom I write these lines
Be like the smiling sun that shines,
By rich and noble virtues crown'd,
And shed his light on all around.

May each day of thy life as happy be,
Of joy as full, and from sorrow as free,
As have been the few short hours to me,—
The few short hours I have spent with thee

The bloom of youth will fade away,
The limbs grow frail, the hair turn gray;
But yet his heart shall e'er be true,
Who scribbles down these lines for you.

Think not, as roll the years along,
My heart shall e'er grow colder;
My love can only grow more strong
Each day as I grow older.

Mayest thou e'er be as happy from youth to old age
As a bird is when recently freed from its cage:
May this world yield abundance of riches for thee;
And may Heaven thy home through eternity be.

If I should, some future day,
From you, friend, be far away,
Let me in your mem'ry stay.

I long have tried my mind to turn
To wishing, but could never learn
This beautiful and pleasing art,
Though often I have made the start;
But could I wish, I'd wish, my friend,
Your love for me should never end.

May love's sweet passions fill thy breast,
And hopes of Heaven brighter grow,
And charm away thy care and woe,
Till God shall call thee to thy rest,
And thou, on wings of peace, shalt fly
To sweet felicity on high.

Ere courtship's days with you are o'er,
And lovers cease to woo you more,
May you a faithful husband find,
And evermore to him be kind.

I hope thy name will some day change;
And when it does, oh! may it be
My sweet and joyful lot to range
Life's love-o'ershadow'd vale with thee!

As friends to friends sometimes extend
A kindly verse, and well they may,
So, likewise, may the stranger send
A friendly message on its way.

When age shall wrinkle up your brow
And cheeks, so plump and rosy now,
May you a loving husband have,
Who 'll cling to you like sticking-salve.

Dear Miss, I would that I might be
Permitted e'er to dwell with thee;
'T is sweet to meet, but sad to part
From one so lovely as thou art.

Dear friend, I would wish that no evil
Should darken the path that you tread,
But many a brilliant achievement
With glory encircle your head.

Should we some day be far apart
Still keep me ever in your heart.

Though fate may forbid our meeting,
And long keep us far apart,
Yet it can not stay the beating
Of affection in my heart.

Dear friend, I wish you rare success,
A life of peace and happiness,
A kind, true wife
To bless your life,
A host of friends to dearly love,
And after death a home above.

To thee, my kind, beloved friend,
A new-year greeting I extend,
With many wishes this may be
A happy, happy year to thee.

HOME.

What 's the home? The home is what
People make that sacred spot.

Where! where is found the happy home?
In humble cot? in stately dome?
The happy home 's the blissful place
Where love holds all in fond embrace.

Where is the home that is a home indeed?
Is it where men repair to rest and feed?
That home, blest image of the home above!
Is where all 's kindness, harmony, and love.

That home is rapturous and sweet,
Where hearts of love and kindness meet.

Should you have a mind to roam,
Do not wander far from home;
For the home, a sacred tie,
Binds to Heaven beyond the sky.

Sweet are the joys of home,
And its communion sweet;
No matter where we roam,
No place like home we meet.

"Sunny rooms make sunny lives;"
Sunny husbands, sunny wives.

Ill fares that home, though elsewise blest,
With one vile inmate there a pest;
Well may one mean, uncaring scamp
Cause grave disturbance in a camp.

THE FAMILY.

How dear the fam'ly ties,
So kindly round us placed!
Without them, down would fall
The home and, with it, all
On earth we dearly prize;
And one broad, boundless waste
Encircle this great ball.

Methinks 't were sweet a world-wide fame
To have,—have millions praise our name,

And wreaths of honor round us twine;
But were such matchless glory mine,
I 'd give it all, and gladly too,
To have my home folks deem me true.

To those who look with fondling eyes
On whom they love and highly prize,
Methinks the dear, familiar face
Has more of beauty, more of grace,
Than that of any other creature's,
However fair may be her features.

Though we may love full well the new,
We better love the tried and true.

We fittingly may style
The woman man's best part;
She's Heaven's sweetest smile
To brighten up his heart:
How dark would be his path before
Were her influence felt no more!

Oh! who with mortal eyes can scan
The woman through and through!
She is the greatest joy of man,
His greatest sorrow too.

We tenderly prize a sister, a brother.
But the joy and pride of the world is mother.

A wife may love, a husband too,
Friends, kindred, brothers, sisters, true,
And children, but there 's not another
Can love as fond and true as mother.

Mothers! ye have power strong,
Use it right or use it wrong!
Use it right, then evermore
Heav'n and earth shall you adore;
Use it wrong, then you shall be
Curs'd through time, eternity.

Great is that mother who, in case
The father dies, can fill his place.

Be kind to parents while you 've got
Them or you 'll mourn it when they 're not.

Who scorns the one who gave him birth
Shall sink among the dregs of earth;
Who loves and honors her shall stand
Among the noble of the land.

SPORT.

Sport is a fruit—our nature such—
Some taste too little, some too much.

Taste freely now and then of mirth,
The best elixir known on earth.

Cherish jollity,
Shun frivolity.

A little fun sometimes is fit,
But don't waste all your time with it.

A little while spent in a fit recreation
Should not be considered a bad indication.

Beware how you indulge in sport,
E'en though it innocence import!
A simple sport begun in fun
Has oft a soul's destruction won.

Do you ask of me, O dancer!
"Is there any harm in dancing?"
Simple systematic prancing?
With some questions, let me answer
You. Pray tell me, does the dance
Any Christian grace enhance?
Does it fit the soul to fly
Upward to the world on high?
Tell me, really, does it nurture
Any true and noble virtue?
Virtue certainly revolts
At the dance, at least, the waltz,
Where the gent, 'neath folly's shade,
Twirls the waist-encircled maid.

INTEMPERANCE.

Beware intemp'rance! it is strong!
And who indulge in it ere long
Become a slave to this dire wrong!

Beware! beware the devil's cup!
And dare not lightly turn it up
To take from time to time a sup,
Lest more! and more! and more you crave
It till you fill a drunkard's grave!

Intemp'rance, like all other sins,
By slight degrees at first begins,
And greater and still stronger grows
Till it at last the soul o'erthrows.

"Never take the first drink!"—
Grand and holy text!—
If you 've drunk that curs'd drink,
Stop! don't take the next!
If you 've taken many,
Do the best you can,
Stop! and don't take any!
Stop! and be a man!

A wretch is he, or sore beguil'd,
Who drinks, then hands it to his child!

The drunkard and the glutton go
Adown to poverty and woe.

Down to ruin haste those who hug
Day by day the whisky-jug.

The path of the sot 's down a steep descent,
In shame and in mis'ry his days are spent.

Who daily breathes the drunkard's breath,
But yet cares not
He is a sot,
Is apt to die the drunkard's death.

Who all this life in drinking spend,
Will surely come to some bad end.

SELF.

Would we our lives more largely spend
In studying self-government,
We 'd realize it in the end
Nor time nor labor was misspent.

Our selfish nature scarce can we control,
Self-love oft overpow'rs our better soul.

We love most dearly what 's our own,
For "sweetest meat is near the bone."

Who loves for self, and self alone,
Can claim no other's love to own.

If there 's any 'neath the sun
We may term a wretched elf,
'T is the little one-by-one
Caring only for himself.

Who lives for himself, himself and no other,
Is nobody's friend, is nobody's brother.

Prize your own, and duly love it;
What is another's, do not covet.

This sweet thought has he who lives alone
His troubles and joys are all his own.

PRIDE.

Pride is an enemy of good,
Thousands shun not as they should.

The meek are blessed
With tranquil breast,
The proud distressed
With sore unrest.

Pride brings many dire upheavals
Of the most despisable evils.

It is a mournful sight to see
A haughty man who thinks that he
Is from all imperfections free,
And can not! can not realize
That other men, beneath the skies,
Can be than he more good or wise!

The proud are destined to a fall,
The meek exalted after all.

Pride is a quality, indeed,
Some have too much, while others need.

Pride and ambition! life and glory of the soul,
When we control them, and they do not us control!
When they o'erpow'r us, or we lose the balance-wheel,
Our virtue, happiness, and life they from us steal!

Honest pride needs ev'ry one,
Evil pride we all should shun.

Mean and naughty pride is harmful,
Good and noble pride is charmful.

How sweet the humble spirit
Our Saviour had on earth,
Which crowned His life with merit,
And made it glow with worth!
Oh, would that all mankind might be
As meek and pure in heart as He!

What, maiden! though thy hand be graced
With jewels on each finger placed,
And thou from head to foot be decked
In richest dress one could select,
Remember well thy life can be
But little worth to friends or thee,
If not adorned within thou art
With goodly jewels of the heart!

They run astray, who have a passion
To follow ev'ry style and fashion.

Pride and eagerness too high
Hold their heads gold-mines to spy;
Care and meekness, eyes downcast,
Find rich mines the others passed.

TRUTH.

Truth is, as we all know, a fact
That is in ev'ry way exact.

In thy youth
Cling to truth,
And when old
Fast it hold.

Though Falsehood may revel, her triumph is vain,
For Truth shall be victor and finally reign.

Who tells a lie
Must tell thereby
A score or so to hide it;
Whoe'er this doubt
Will find it out
Whenever they have tried it.

DEATH.

Death is the enemy of all
The dying race of humankind;
Though ever in our midst, we find
He still doth strongest hearts appall.

Death a monster is to such
As are held in Satan's clutch.
Death no terror is to those
Who, whene'er their eyelids close,
Enter Heaven's sweet repose.

Why lament the peaceful dead?
Let them rest the weary head!
Rather mourn that one with heart
Grieved so sore he would depart!

Whene'er an angel from the skies
Bears hence a child to Paradise,
Death pains the child awhile and 's o'er,
But pains the mother long and sore!

'T is meet to mourn beloved friends
Whene'er their earthly mission ends;
So weep, for weep awhile we must!
Yet mourn not long the sacred dust,
Lest sorrow, with a weary tread,
Should haste you to their lowly bed!

Thou who dost mourn a bride
Torn early from thy side,—
A kind, beloved wife,
Thy sweetest joy of life,
With care consider this,
Nor think I speak amiss,
For I would thee impart
Some thought to cheer thy heart:
One hour—one short, sweet hour
With our best love doth tow'r,—
Doth highly tow'r above
A long, long life with one
Whose company we shun,
One whom we do not love!

Why mourn the Christian's early death,
Or later yielding up the breath?
Come soon or late, 't is but the close
Of strife, the gateway to repose!

Death, with all his might, can never
But awhile the righteous sever!
Soon they 'll meet in that blest land
Free from his cold, ruthless hand.

When from the cares of earth
The soul away has fled,
Sing song of peace, not mirth,
Above the slumb'ring dead.

TOMBSTONE INSCRIPTIONS.

Rest in peace, dear, innocent child!
Free from sin and undefil'd!
Though we laid thee 'neath the sod,
Jesus took thy soul to God.

Dear baby! it grieved us to lay thee away!
Thy life—oh! so brief, but a short, fleeting day!
How precious the treasure we laid 'neath the sod!
But sweet is thy rest in the bosom of God.

Gone home to the beautiful city above
To rest in the bosom of infinite Love!

Thy patient hands upon thy breast,
Dear mother! folded lie;
They toil no more,
Their work is o'er;
They 're now at rest,
And thou art blessed
With happiness on high.

Darling mother! sweet thy rest
With thy Saviour and the blest!
All thy trials now are o'er,
Sorrow ne'er shall pain thee more.

Dear brother! we miss thee, and sadly deplore
Thy absence from earth, yet we humbly adore
Our Saviour, who took thee to yonder bright shore;
And when we cross over the bound'ry of Time,
Oh may we all meet thee in Heaven's fair clime!

Dear brother! Death has called thee hence,
Thou liest in the tomb!
But memory's flowers of excellence
Long o'er thy grave shall bloom.

Faithful soldier of the cross!
Peaceful be thy rest
On thy Saviour's breast
Gain is thine, though ours is loss!

Think not that my life has ended;
Though entombed my body lies,
Yet my spirit hath ascended
To its home beyond the skies
And, with saints and angels blended,
E'er shall dwell in Paradise.

Weep not, dear friends! let grief depart,
The Lord saw fit to sever
Me from the friends so near my heart
To dwell with Him forever.

Gone home to live forever
In Heaven high
Above the sky,
Where parting shall be never.

Adieu! Farewell!
At peace! at rest!
Gone home to dwell
Among the blest!

'T is sweet to rest when labor 's o'er,
But vain the rest that comes before;
So rest, dear friend! thy work is done,
Thy conflict o'er, thy vict'ry won.

'T is sad when death, in prime of life,
Calls hence a dear and loving wife;
But oh! how comforting to see
Her ready for eternity!

Farewell, dear husband! fare thee well!
Where I have gone, prepare to dwell!
And when thy pilgrimage is o'er
We 'll meet in Heav'n to part no more.

Look up, dear husband! through thy tears!—
Kind Heaven cheer thy sadden'd heart!
Toil on—toil on a few short years!
And we shall meet no more to part.

Farewell, fond wife! 't is hard to say,
"Farewell!" and lay thee thus away!
But oh! it soothes my aching heart
To think we 'll meet no more to part!

Farewell, farewell, dear, loving wife,
Called hence so soon, in prime of life!
Without thee drear must be my road,
And sad my heart where joy abode.

HEAVEN.

The Heav'nly Land! how blest! how bright!
Afar from mortal beings' sight!
Its glories—how divinely fair!
Its raptures—oh! how sweet they are!
There pain and sorrow never come,
Or aught that 's sad or wearisome.
There vernal suns forever warm,
And there is no tempestuous storm;
For winter's chill and tempest's roar
Can never reach that tranquil shore.

Sweet Heav'n! my hopes point up to thee,
When whelming woes sweep over me!

This sweet and cheering thought have we
In saddest hours of gloom,
There is a land from sorrow free
Beyond the silent tomb!
And all who seek that glorious place
May dwell with its exalted race.

Who this life to Jesus give,
Through eternity shall live.

Who in our Saviour's footsteps tread,
Up to the world above are led.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We can 't build houses on small blocks,—
"Put old heads on young shoulders;"
Small boys may toss the little rocks,
But not the mighty bowlders.

The secret path is hard to tread,
But rare success 'long it is spread.

This grand, important word "prepare"
Demands our very strictest care;
There 's naught we meet, in any station,
But what requires some preparation.

'T is bad enough when statesmen jaw
And fall to strife about the law;
But ah! most grievous is the sight
When preachers turn aside to fight!

With God, who sees each hidden fact,
The will 's accepted for the act.

"My will be done, not Thine,"
Made Paradise a waste;
"Thy will be done, not Mine,"
Sweet Paradise replaced.

This truth, though much ignor'd,
Was written not in vain:
"Who killeth with the sword
Must with the sword be slain."

It is not solitude
To be with Jesus only,
Nor ought we to allude
To such as being lonely.

Effectual, fervent prayer of such
As righteous be, availeth much.

Alas for him who builds upon the sand!
He builds—but lo! his building can not stand!
Build on the rock, and, thy foundation sure,
Thy building floods and tempests shall endure.

Why search the world for the Holy Grail?
To search the world will not avail!
The Holy Grail to the lips is pressed
Of every one who is Jesus' guest.

It still remains a faithful truth,
"Who steals a penny in his youth
By little thefts his conscience sears
To steal a pound in after years."
So, youths, take heed! take heed! beware
Of longing others' wealth to share,
And never dare the least to steal,
Whate'er temptation you may feel,
Lest you some day in jail lament
The evil way in which you went!

There 's nothing forgot! There 's nothing forgot!
What seemeth so, is not! is not!
But simply stored in our minds away
To be recalled at the Judgment-day.

The beauty that does in a smile appear,
Is oft the bright reflection of a tear.

Energy has honor'd more
Than has knowledge with its lore.

Say what you will of fame and wealth,
They 're nothing when compared with health!

What strengthens body strengthens soul,
What builds up part builds up the whole.

What is fear? A painful feeling
Through our inward nature stealing.

When you 're working for a man.
Do to please him if you can.

Our dreams by far their tenor take
From what we think on while awake.

Ill dreams have they who go to sleep
With stomach crammed, and troubled deep.

Sweet dreams have they who go to bed
With tranquil mind and lightly fed.

Oh! time, how swift it from us steals!
To-morrow nips to-day's fleet heels!

Time! how constant is thy flight!
Rapid, too, as morning light!
Ever onward, no one may
Stop thy flight or thee delay!

Though a man may kick for awhile and then rest,
A woman must kick and keep kicking her best.

What is man? A mould of clay,
Tumbling on in reckless way!
Man unaided by his Maker's
Hand is tossed about like breakers.

Beauty is a dainty flow'r,
Often fading in an hour.

Beauty, though a noble thing,
Like the bee with busy wing,
Often leaves a painful sting.

Sad, or merry as a lark,
Never hurry in the dark.

He that keepeth cool and quiet
Gaineth time and talent by it;—
He that doubteth, let him try it.

Who continually are cross
Have greal deal of moral dross.

When one is wearied, cross, and sad,
It seems all things work out for bad.

Cross words unchecked will into tumults swell;
But silence will the wildest tempest quell.

One may make peace when there are two,
When there are more, what can he do?

Oh, would these lines might bring
Their worth to all our race!—
"A place for ev'rything,
A thing for ev'ry place."

Love we peace, or peace abhor,
Seeking peace we gender war.

Who stands and fights when he can flee,
Of all the brave must bravest be;
They are not brave who stand and fight
Because they have no chance of flight.

The little things do not despise,
For often they are very wise;
The little bee, the little ant,
May teach us lessons sages can 't.

Should kind Fortune smile and kiss you,
Or stern Fate your woe decree,
Let the day decide the issue,
Whatsoe'er the issue be.

From liberty our pleasures flow,
Without it life were ceaseless woe;
I've learned a truth—sad truth to me—
He lives not gay, who lives not free.

To speak aright requires great care and skill;
But silence taxes all our pow'r of will.

Of all the ticks, to humankind,
None worse than politics we find;
Though many it bears up to fame,
Far more it sinks in crime and shame.

Who in conversation
Is dull and slow-witted,
Whatever his station
In life, should be pitied.

Oh for the space that intervenes!
Oh for the vail that happ'ly screens
The writer from one written to!
But how bewild'ring is the case
With bashful man when, face to face,
He speaks to one in open view!

Our dearest friends may prove untrue,
And life be marred the whole way through;
Yet Heav'n, still merciful the while,
Looks on us with unchanging smile;
And angels with sweet songs of love
Invite us to the world above.

Sometimes this world seems dark and dreary,
Sometimes our limbs grow weak and weary;
Then Hope and Love, with voice ne'er cheerless,
Come, buoy us up, and make us fearless.

When your road is rough,
Life stormy and tough,
Don't give up or fret,
But take courage yet;
The frown to a smile
May turn after while.

Whene'er the harvest 's ripe to reap,
There! there should be the reapers!
For those who during harvest sleep,
Alas! are careless sleepers.

There is a time to live, to die,
A time to sell, a time to buy,
A time to lose, a time to make,
A time to give, a time to take,
A time to wake, a time to sleep,
A time to sow, a time to reap,

A time to fast, a time to eat,
A time to part, a time to meet,
A time to cry, a time to sing,
A time to work, a time to play;
There is a time for ev'rything,
But there 's no time to throw away.

What number 's that from which to take
One-half its third a sixth will make
Of that same number plus a score
And ten then multiplied by four.

Our actions leave a trace behind
Which tells their tale to humankind;
E'en dirt upon the foot of sheet
Shows who has slept with dirty feet.

Well, book! we 've been companions long,
I 've tried to have you right, not wrong;
And, now, before the world I set you,
And if you sell I gladly let you;
So fare you well, on wings of love,
Go glorifying God above.

Dear readers who 've read me so patiently through!
You are most dear to me, would I were thus to you!
And, now, fare you well, fare you well for a while!
Heaven shower rich blessings down on you, and smile.

- - Finis. - -

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